A N

E P I S T L E

T O A

Young Nobleman.

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer's Head* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street*, and ROBERT DODSLEY at *Tully's Head* in the *Pall-mall*, 1736. (Price 1 *s.*)

Louis Napoleon

A TOY

EPISTLE

IN

AN
EPISTLE
TO A
Young Nobleman
FROM HIS
PRÆCEPTOR.

———————— *Sanctus haberi,*
Juſtitiæque tenax dictis factiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem. ————

JUV. SAT. 8.

LONDON:

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER, at *Homer*'s *Head* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet*, and ROBERT DODSLEY at *Tully*'s *Head* in the *Pall-mall*, 1736. (Price 1 *s.*)

EPISTLE

TO

Young Nopleman

FROM HIS

UNCLE.

To the Right HONOURABLE

The Lord Viſc^t. *BEAUCHAMP.*

"WHAT is Nobility?"— Wou'd you then know
The real Subſtance, ſtripp'd of all its Show?
Can You, MY LORD, the honeſt Freedom bear
Of Truths I ought to tell, and you to hear?
Or ſhall I ſay— "Such Beauty, Birth, Eſtate,
"Muſt make their Owner lov'd, and make him great!
"Above the mean Reſtraint of vulgar Rules,
"Your Will a Law, Plebeians but your Tools;
"While mingling with your Blood each Honour flows,
"And in each Pulſe a PERCY's Ardour glows.

Not

Not ſo the *Muſe*: She teaches you to know,
How vain thoſe Honours you to Others owe!
Who riſe to *Glory*, muſt by *Virtue* riſe,
'Tis in the Mind all genuine Greatneſs lies:
On that eternal Baſe, on that alone,
The World's Eſteem you build, and more — your own.
Tho' PERCY, SEYMOUR, mighty Names! combine
To ſwell your Blood, to dignify your Line;
For you tho' Fortune all her Stores has ſpread,
And Pleaſure tempts you to her roſy Bed;
Tho' Beauty, fairer than the faireſt Face,
Breathes round your Form each animated Grace:
Yet what avail Birth, Beauty, Fortune's Store,
The Plume of Title, and the Pride of Power,
If deaf to Virtue's, deaf to Honour's Call,
To Tyrant Vice a wretched Slave you fall?
To Vice paternal Laurels you muſt yield;
Revers'd each Triumph, loſt each purple Field,
Your Sires no more their captive Foes detain,
You pay the Ranſom, and you break the Chain;
No more your long-deſcended Fame we view,
No HARTFORD fought, no PERCY bled for You.
I know

I know, My Lord, *Ambition* fills your Mind,
The Pilot ſhe, and ſhe the riſing Wind:
Take, take her for your Guide; her Gales receive,
But quell her Storms, nor let the Billows heave.
So ſhall you ſhun the giddy Heroe's Fate,
And by her juſt Commands be *truly Great.*

She bids you firſt, in Life's ſoft vernal Hours,
Of genial Nature wake the latent Powers;
With riſing Years ſtill riſing Arts diſplay,
With new-born Graces mark each new-born Day:
'Tis now the Time young Paſſion to reſtrain,
Before the crooked Stem you bend in vain,
Before unpliant grows the rambling Spray,
And ſcorns the Hand of Reaſon to obey.
In Paſſion's Strife you can no Medium have,
But muſt be or the Maſter, or the Slave:
Then guide the Courſer with a ſteddy Rein,
Ere yet he bounds o'er Pleaſure's flowery Plain,
Ere yet with blind with headlong Speed he flys,
Nor feels the Bit, nor hears the Rider's Cries.

"For whom theſe Toyls?" you may perhaps enquire;
Firſt for your SELF: *That* Nature will inſpire. —
She ſwells the filial Thought, the kindred Tear,
She makes the PARENT and the SISTER dear:
To theſe in cloſeſt Bands of Love ally'd,
Their Joy or Grief you live, their Shame or Pride:
You ſhe commands to make their Bliſs your own;
Hence ſcorn to think or act for SELF alone;
Hence bravely ſtrive upon your own to raiſe
Their Honour, Grandeur, Dignity and Praiſe.

But wider far, beyond the narrow Bound
Of Family, *Ambition* looks around;
Looks round, and ſeeks the FRIEND's delightful Face,
The Friend at leaſt demands the ſecond Place.

And yet beware: for Moſt deſire a Friend
For ſordid Lucre, not for Virtue's End.
There are, who with fond Favour's fickle Gale,
Now ſudden ſwell, and now contract their Sail;
This Week devour, the next with ſickening Eye
Avoid, and caſt the ſully'd Play-thing by;

There

There are, who, toſſing in the Bed of Vice,
For Flattery's Opiate give the higheſt Price;
Yet from the ſaving Hand of Friendſhip turn,
Her Medicines dread, her generous Offers ſpurn.
Deſerted Greatneſs! who but pities Thee?
By Crowds encompaſs'd, thou no Friend canſt ſee:
Or ſhould kind Truth invade thy tender Ear,
We pity ſtill; for thou no Truth can'ſt bear.
Ne'er grudg'd thy Wealth to ſwell an uſeleſs State,
Yet frugal deem'd th' Expence of Friends too great;
For Friends ne'er mixing in ambitious Strife,
For Friends, the richeſt Furniture of Life!
Oh! fallen from *Pride*, magnificent no more,
Know, Friends are cheap, while worthy Men are poor!
Riches in Heaps a nauſeous Dunghill ſtand,
Diffus'd by Bounty chear the ſmiling Land;
Joy, Love, and Friendſhip, blooming thence ariſe,
And waft the ſweeteſt Incenſe to the Skies.
Be Your's, My Lord, to court a better Aim,
Your Pride to burn with Friendſhip's purer Flame;
By Virtue kindl'd, by like Manners fed,
By mutual Wiſhes mutual Favours ſpread,

Increas'd with Years, by candid Truth refin'd,
Pour all its boundleſs Ardours thro' your Mind.
Be yours the Care a choſen Band to gain;
With Them to Glory's radiant Summit ſtrain,
Aiding and aided each, while All contend,
Who beſt, who braveſt, ſhall aſſiſt his Friend.

Thus ſtill ſhould *private* Friendſhips ſpread around,
Till in their joint Embrace the PUBLICK's found,
The common Friend!—Then all her Good explore,
Explor'd, purſue with each unbiaſs'd Power.
But chief the Greateſt ſhould her Laws revere,
Ennobling Honours, which ſhe bids them wear.
A BRITISH NOBLE is a dubious Name,
Of loweſt Infamy, or higheſt Fame:
Born to redreſs an injur'd Orphan's Cauſe,
To ſmooth th' unequal Frown of rigid Laws;
To ſtand an *Iſthmus* of our well-mix'd State,
Where rival Pow'rs with reſtleſs Billows beat,
And from each ſide alike the Fury fling
Of madd'ning Commons, or encroaching King.

How mean, who can this ſacred Station leave,
By Birth a Patriot, but by Choice a Slave!
How great, who anſwers this illuſtrious End,
Whom Prince and People call their equal Friend!
"Yes, there I'll reſt; *Ambition* toils no more,
"That Goal attain'd, ſure her long Race is o'er?"
Alas! 'tis ſcarce begun: *Ambition* ſmiles
At the poor Limits of the *Britiſh* Iſles,
That would in vain her boundleſs Flight oppoſe,
And with their circling Waves her Views incloſe:
She o'er the Globe expatiates unconfin'd,
Expands with CHRISTIAN CHARITY the Mind,
And pants to be the Friend of all Mankind.
Her Country all beneath one ambient Sky,
Whoe'er beholds yon radiant Orbs on high,
To whom one Sun impartial gives the Day,
To whom the ſilver Moon her milder Ray,
Whom the ſame Water, Earth and Air ſuſtain,
O'er whom one PARENT-KING extends his Reign,
Are her Compatriots all, by her belov'd,
In Nature near, tho' far by Space remov'd;

On common Earth no Foreigner ſhe knows,
No Foe can find, except fair Virtue's Foes:
No Motive needs her chearful Aid to lend,
To Want and Woe an undemanded Friend.
Nor thus advances Others Bliſs alone;
But in the Way to theirs ſtill finds her own. —
Theirs is her own. What? ſhould your Taper light
Ten thouſand, burns it to yourſelf leſs bright?
"Men are ungrateful." — Be they ſo, that dare!
Is that the Giver's, or Receiver's Care?
Oh! blind to Joys that from true Bounty flow,
To think, Thoſe e'er repent whoſe *Hearts* beſtow!

Man to his MAKER thus beſt Homage pays,
Thus peaceful walks thro' Virtue's pleaſing Ways:
Her gentle Image on the Soul impreſt,
Bids each tempeſtuous Paſſion leave the Breaſt:
Thence with her livid ſelf-devouring Snakes
Pale *Envy* flies; her Quiver *Slander* breaks:
Thus falls (dire Scourge of a diſtracted Age!)
The knave-led one-ey'd Monſter, *Party-Rage.*

Ambition

Ambition joſtles with her Friends no more;
Nor thirſts *Revenge* to drink a Brother's Gore;
Fury-*Remorſe* no ſtinging Scorpions rears;
O'er trembling Guilt no falling ſword appears.
Hence *Conſcience*, void of Blame, her Front erects,
Her God adores, all other Fear rejects.
Hence JUST AMBITION boundleſs Splendours crown,
And hence ſhe calls Eternity her own.

Thus your lov'd SCIPIO paſs'd his glorious Days,
Bleſt with his KINDRED's, FRIEND's, and COUNTRY's [Praiſe.
Nor ended there the human Hero's Thought,
Nor in the *Roman* was the *Man* forgot;
In the deaf Battle hearing Nature's Call,
He doom'd with Tears a rival Empire's Fall,
The WORLD's great Patriot He!—By Fame inſpir'd
His Youth each Art adorn'd, each Virtue fir'd;
He thro' *Rome*'s Sons the brave Contagion ſpread,
Now led to Conqueſt, now to Wiſdom led;
Pleas'd, or to ſtill the Forum's civil Roar,
Or muſe, *Cajeta*, on thy bending Shore;

Free from Affairs, unfatter'd with Parade,
To taſte a Friend amid the rural Shade:
There deigns to mingle in immortal Lays,
There deep thro' Time his Country's Fate ſurveys,
While from his Tongue ſublimeſt Precepts flow—
" How Man but ſojourns on this Spot below,
" How mortal Fame is to a Point confin'd,
" Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal Mind,
" For Heaven that Virtue can alone prepare,
" And Vice would find herſelf unhappy *there*."
Hence loos'd from Earth his pure Affections ſoar,
Where ſenſual Pleaſure cheats the Soul no more.
Beneath his Feet do Nation's Treaſures lye?
Millions he views with unretorted Eye.
His Country's Manners does Corruption drown?
He, blameleſs Cenſor! ſtems them by his own.
Did Kingdoms groan? He bade Oppreſſion ceaſe,
Stern Tyrants aw'd, and gave the World a Peace.
Did *Juſtice* call? He car'd not what became
Of Life, or of Life's ſweeteſt Breath, his Fame.
For Her he dar'd the Noble's, People's Hate,
For Her he liv'd, for Her reſign'd to Fate.

Theſe

Theſe were his Honours, his high Triumphs theſe!
Oh! how unlike the Slaves of Wealth and Eaſe:
With Plenty curs'd, to make all Life a Void,
Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,
They ſeek ſome livery'd Friend to drag away
The heavy, cumbrous, miſerable Day.
Inglorious State! — worſe than the Beggar's Doom,
To ask their daily Being of a Groom!

Others there are, that with unfeeling Ear
A *Scipio*'s, *Sydney*'s, *Falkland*'s Glory hear;
Unmov'd could *Somers*' various Virtues ſee,
Pope's ſcorn of Vice, and filial Piety;
Are Proof to every Lure of *honeſt* Fame,
Yet ſtill of Sycophants would buy a Name;
Still for their ſcornful Miſtreſs, Glory's ſake,
Can every Pain, — but to deſerve her, take.
Hence Birds of Throat obſcene and greedy Maw,
The chatt'ring Magpye, the tale-bearing Daw,
Rooks, Vultures, Harpies, their vile Board ſurround,
While frighted Merit flies th' unhallow'd Ground,

Flies

Flies to the private Shade, the pure Retreat,
And to their Scoundrels leaves the Proud and Great.
What, tho' their Hands ne'er hold *Britannia*'s Reins,
Nor Swords e'er fedk her Foes on crimson Plains?
Yet *Blount* shall own they drive six Horses well,
And *Hockley*'s Heroes of their Bravery tell.
Their Name with *Mordaunt*'s *Pope* disdains to sing,
Yet with their Triumphs does *Newmarket* ring,
Yet in her Annals is Life's glorious Course
Immortaliz'd — by some immortal Horse.
What tho', ye fair! they break thro' Honour's Laws?
Yet thence they gain a modish World's Applause:
Receiv'd, repuls'd, their Boast is still the same,
And still they triumph o'er each injur'd Name.
Their Vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping State,
But rescu'd Operas from impending Fate.
Their Bounty never bids Affliction smile,
But pampers Fidlers with the Tradesman's Spoil;
And in one luscious Sauce is often drown'd,
What might have chear'd their beggar'd Tenants round.
No *Goth* to Learning e'er was Foe so fell,
Yet oft their Praises Dedications swell;

Yet *White*'s allows them, in a Length of Years,
The firſt of Sharpers, tho' the laſt of Peers.

In vain for ſuch may Domes on Domes ariſe,
With Heads audacious, and invade the Skies;
In vain diſhonour'd Stars dart mimick Rays,
And give their ſordid Breaſts a borrow'd Blaze;
In vain with lordly Rule their wide Domains,
Swell hundred Hills, and ſpread an hundred Plains:
If mean, they're meaner by their lofty State,
(So Statues leſſen by a Baſe too great)
With Birth ignoble, ſtarving in their Store,
Obſcur'd by Splendour, impotent with Pow'r,
By Titles ſtain'd, with Beauty unadorn'd,
Beſieg'd by Flatt'ry, but by Merit ſcorn'd,
The Slaves of Slaves, Corruption's dirty Tools,
The Prey of Villains, and the Gaze of Fools.

Riſe then, My Lord, with nobler Ardour riſe!
And whilſt your Sires before your raviſh'd Eyes,
Paſs in a grand Review, Oh! pant for Fame,
And by your Actions ſtill adorn their Name,

Transmitting thence with added Luſtre down
Honours, that may your future Offspring crown!

That Sight the Muſe with pleaſing Hope ſurveys,
While to the bliſsful Hour her Fancy ſtrays,
When in the HARTFORD of another Age,
The ſame fair Virtues ſhall your Soul engage;
The ſame ſoft Meekneſs and majeſtick Mien,
Shall grace the publick, chear the private Scene:
From whom a new ELIZA ſhall ariſe,
Wit, Spirit, Senſe, and Goodneſs in her Eyes,
O'er willing Hearts to ſpread her laſting Sway,
For ever innocent, for ever gay.
When to another BEAUCHAMP you ſhall owe
Thoſe Joys, that with your dawning Virtues grow,
In Him again be born, again ſhall live,
And take that Happineſs, which now you give.
Heaven has on You pour'd wide her kindeſt Show'r;
Health, Riches, Honours bleſt your natal Hour,
At once an Elegance of Form and Mind,
To pleaſe, to ſerve, and to adorn your Kind,
Of gentle Manners, but of Genius ſtrong,
When gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.

Theſe

Theſe bounteous Heav'n beſtows: 'Tis Your's to raiſe
Her Gifts, and from their Uſe to draw your Praiſe:
Her's the Materials, Your's the Work muſt be;
Your Choice, MY LORD, is *Fame* or *Infamy*.

Oh! ſhould your Virtues in pure Current flow,
And Wealth and Pleaſure all around beſtow,
Till Earth no more their leng'th'ning Stream can bound,
Nor ſinks their Fame in Time's vaſt Ocean drown'd,
Say, might the Muſe to future Age declare,
They were her early Honour and her Care?
That by her Hand their bub'ling Fount was clear'd,
That following where the mazy Rill appear'd,
She form'd their Channel, and their Courſe ſhe ſteer'd?
Might then this fond ambitious Verſe pretend
She taught the Pupil, yet preſerv'd the Friend;
Firſt twin'd the Wreaths, that ſhall your Temples crown,
Still happier in your Glory than her own?

FINIS.